

A Fawcett Publication

DECEMBER

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

10¢  
NO. 36

Starring  
WILLIAM BOYD



**GUN-ROARING THRILLS!** WHEN THE FAMOUS SHERIFF IS  
THE TARGET OF THE POOL PLOT

*As Indestructible—  
As Accurate—As Unfailing as  
Captain Marvel Himself!*

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# HOPALONG CASSIDY

TWIN RIVER  
GAMBLING CASINO

CLUBBING  
WILLIAM  
BOYO

the POLL PLOT

SURE? OR NO SURE? I  
WARNED YOU TO STAY OUTTA  
MY GAMBLING CASINO, HOPALONG  
CASSIDY! NOW I'M GONNA  
FILL YOU FULL OF LEAD!

BUT BEFORE BEN BAKER  
CAN TAKE A SHOT...

THERE'S CHEAP GAMES! THERE  
CAN BE NO LAW AGAINST  
GAMBLING IN TWIN RIVER, BUT  
THERE IS A LAW AGAINST  
CROOKED  
GAMBLING!

AM  
LETTING  
YOU OFF  
EVERY TIME  
BUT THE NEXT  
TIME YOU TRY TO  
FLEESE ANYONE  
IN THIS TOWN,  
YOU'LL FIND YOUR  
SELF IN JAIL!

POW!



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

AND AS FOR THE REST OF YOU, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BY NOW THAT ANY KIND OF GAMBLING IS STUPID!



I GOTTA DO SOMETHING 'BOUT THAT HOPALONG. IT'S GONNA BE MIGHTY HARD TO RAKE AN EASY BUCK AS LONG AS HE'S SHERRIF 'ROUND HERE!



WANT A SECOND... THERE'S AN ELECTION FOR SHERIFF COMING UP SOON AND I BET THERE ARE OTHERS WHO'D LIKE TO GET RID OF HIM, TOO! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!



LATER, IN THE BACK ROOM OF REK SALER'S GAMBLING CASSINO---

YOU SENT PER CARROLLSULL AND ME, GALEN?

THAT'S RIGHT, CRAW-FISH. I CAN USE A GOOD CATTLE RUSTLER AND A FISH-WOMAN!



WATCH WHO YOU'RE CALLING NAMES, YOU CROOKED GAMBLER! YOU HINT NOT NO PROOF TO BACK UP YOUR ACCUSATIONS!

STOW THOSE LEAD FUMBERS! I AMN'T HERE TO TELL WHAT I KNOW 'BOUT YOU. I AM TO FORM A BUSINESS PARTNER-SHIP WITH YOU TWO!



NOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET RID OF HOPALONG CASSIDY?

THAT'S NOTHING WE'D LIKE BETTER! BUT IF YOU COULDUS ON JAKING US TO GO OUT AND SHOOT HIM--- PERMIT IT, WE'LL BE THE BEST SHIRT IN THE WEST!



PERHAPS I KNOW BETTER THAN TO SHOOT IT OUT WITH HOPALONG, TOO! WHAT I AM TO DO IS LEGAL---ELECT A NEW SHERIFF!

ELECT A NEW SHERIFF! YOU MUST BE PLUMB LOON, GALEN! WHY, EVERY HONEST COTTER IN TOWN AIMS TO VOTE FOR HIM!



# HOPALONG CASSIDY



# HOPALONG CASSIDY



IT'S UP TO YOU AN' SHERIFF TO GET OUR VALUABLES BACK!

THE HILL ARE A BIG PLACE, BUT I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT!



WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHETHER HE'S A GOOD SHERIFF OR NOT! BECAUSE HE SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE FINDING THAT DROCK! AFTER ALL, THE CRITTER DON'T HAVE TOO MUCH OF A HEAD START!



I KNOW REA GALEN RUNS A CROOKED SALOON, CHASING AND FOR A LONG TIME I'VE SUSPECTED CANNON-BALL OF BEING A SCOUNDREL AND TRAMPER OF BEING A CATTLE THIEF!



THERE'S SOMETHING FRODO ABOUT THOSE OF THE BRIGHT CHARACTERS IN THEM RIVER BEING CROSSED AT THE SAME TIME! FRODO, FRODO!



IM GOING TO PLAY A HUNCH! TONIGHT WE'LL CHECK UP ON THE SCOUNDRELS! ... BUT IN REA GALEN'S BACK ROOM!



OUT RIGHT... NOW REA GALEN, DON'T WORRY, CANNON-BALL, YOU'LL GET TO LET ME A PERSON HOPALONG CASSIDY PLAYS AND REA GALEN KNOWS ANY LONG WILL KNOW DELIBERATELY! BETTER THAN TO GO IN--AFTER I POINT IT OUT TO HIM, I DON'T FEAR-- HE'S A LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN!



SO THEY DON'T WANT TO LET ME INSIDE! THAT MAKES ME EVEN SUREER THAT MY HUNCH IS RIGHT! WELL, THE FRONT DOOR, BUT THE ONLY WAY TO GET INSIDE A BUILDING, I'LL JUST MURDER AROUND TO THE BACK!

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

BUT AT THE BACK OF THE BRAWLING  
CASINO---

THE DOOR AND  
THE WINDOWS  
ARE LOCKED TIGHT.  
THE ONLY THING  
LEFT TO DO IS  
CLIMB UP!--

...AND GO DOWN THROUGH THE  
CHIMNEY!

I HAVE A FEELING THERE THOSE  
GAMBLERS WERE NEVER ROBBED! THEY  
PROBABLY TOOK THEIR VALUABLES AND  
HID THEM  
SOMEWHERE  
IN THE ROOM.  
CONVINCED!

OF COURSE, ALL MYSTERY BE ABLE TO PROVE  
IT. UNLESS I CAN FIND THAT LOOT! I'LL  
HAVE TO WORK FAST BEFORE ANYONE  
SPOTS ME!

WHAT'S THIS  
---A LOCKER  
BRICK!

MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT!  
THEY NEVER WERE  
ROBBED!

THE ONLY REASON I CAN  
SEE FOR THOSE GAMBLERS  
GOING TO ALL THIS  
TROUBLE IS TO MAKE  
ME LOOK BAD IN FRONT  
OF ALL THE OTHERS.  
THEY WOULDN'T WISH  
HAVING ONE OF THEIR  
STOCKS IN ODDS  
SO THEY COULD  
OUTRISK THEIR  
CROOKED  
GAMES!

AND BEHIND THE LOCKER  
BRICK ARE THE MISSING  
ARTICLES....



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

THE NEXT MORNING...

I RECKON THAT IF NOW HOPALONG HAS GIVEN UP LOOKING FOR OUR VILLAINES!

HE NEVER EVEN HAS PRECTED US OUTSIDE THE GAMBLING CARNIO ALL RIGHT AND HE NEVER EVEN KICKED HIS HEAD!

HE NEVER EVEN PRECTED US OUTSIDE THE GAMBLING CARNIO ALL RIGHT AND HE NEVER EVEN KICKED HIS HEAD!

WHEN THE VOTERS HEAR THAT HOPALONG FAILED TO GET QUESTERS BACK, THEY'RE GOING TO ELECT A NEW SHERIFF!

WELL, SHERIFF, DID YOU AND OUR VILLAINES?

YES!

HERE THEY ARE!

WHAT A SHERIFF HE GETS BY VOTE!

GOULD OUR PLAN BOOKS DANGERS!

I DREAM THAT'LL TEACH THEM BETTER THAN TO TRY TO INTERFERE WITH THE ELECTION!

BUT ARE GALEN GOING TO GIVE UP SO EASILY...

HE MUST VE COME IN THROUGH THE CHIMNEY! THERE AIN'T ANY OTHER EXPLANATION! WE'LL STILL GET A NEW SHERIFF—EVEN IF WE HAVE TO SPEAL THE ELECTION AWAY FROM HOPALONG CASSIDY!

ELECTION DAY...

HEYA, HOPALONG! I RECKON YOU VOTED ALREADY!

YEA, NOW, THE ELECTION WILL BE OVER SOON! YOU PEOPLE ARE THE ONLY ONE LEFT WHO HAVEN'T VOTED!

THAT'S RIGHT. THE ELECTION WILL BE OVER SOON! AND I KNOW YOU'LL WIN!

AND IN A FEW MINUTES...

YOUR NEXT, GALEN! NO RIGHT INTO THE BOOTH AND MARK DOWN YOUR CHOICE!

# HOPALONG CASSIDY



# HOPALONG CASSIDY



# HORALONG CASSEY



THEN HORALONG WAS JUST BLUFFING!  
WE'D BETTER BURN THE BOX BEFORE  
HE REALLY FINDS IT!

YOU'RE  
NOT  
BURNING  
ANYTHING.

ID  
BETTER  
GET!



TOO LATE---I  
ALREADY FOUND  
IT!

COVER---  
BURN IT!



YOU HERE SO EARLY TO  
SET YOUR HANDS ON  
THIS BALLOT BOX---



--WELL HERE IT IS!



I HAVE NO OBJECTIONS TO MOONING AN  
ELECTION---PROVIDING IT'S AN  
HONEST ONE!



LATER---  
RESULTS SHOW  
HORALONG IS  
RE-ELECTED  
SHERIFF! TUFF  
ELIOT GOT ONLY  
FOUR VOTES!

-- AND THE  
REAL ELECTION  
OWN AND  
FROM THOSE  
THREE CRITTERS  
NOW SITTING IN  
JAIL WITH HIM!

YEAH---MR  
OWN AND  
FROM THOSE  
THREE CRITTERS  
NOW SITTING IN  
JAIL WITH HIM!

HURRAY FOR  
HORALONG  
CASSEY---  
THE GREAT-  
EST SHERIFF  
IN THE WHOLE  
WEST!

# Matty BELL

COACH OF  
SOUTHERN METHODIST  
UNIVERSITY'S  
1947 CONFERENCE CHAMPIONS



VETERAN OF 21 YEARS IN  
Tough SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE,  
COACH MATTY BELL BELIEVES THAT  
EXPERIENCE OR "GROW NOW" COUNTS  
HEAVY IN ATHLETIC CONTESTS.  
TRAINING AND EATING RIGHT  
IMPORTANT, TOO, MATTY SAYS, "A  
TRAINING DON'T I RECOMMEND IS  
ONE I'VE ENJOYED FOR YEARS  
MYSELF" - A BIG BOWLFUL OF MILK,  
FRUIT AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST  
OF CHAMPIONS."

BELL "TAKES THE BOWL" HIS FIRST YEAR  
AT SMU HIS GREAT BLUE TEAM WON  
NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP UNDEFEATED  
AND UNBENT, MATTY'S BOYS WERE ONLY  
TEAM EVER TO REPRESENT SOUTHWEST  
CONFERENCE IN BOWL BOWL.



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®  
BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT



HOPALONG CABBOT  
presenter

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Send for us now "Bag of Magic Tricks" as you want  
For each one just send 25¢ in coin and a wrapper from  
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# HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING  
WILLIAM BOYD

and the GIRL ON THE  
FLYING TRAPEZE!

CASSIDY, BOAST OF UNPARALLELED  
BOLD AND DANGER, BUT THE  
MOST IMAGINATIVE FEELS ABOUT  
THE DEATH-DEFYING FEEL THAT  
UNEXPECTEDLY AROSE TO THREATEN  
THE GIRL ON THE FLYING  
TRAPEZE!

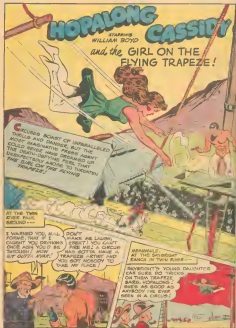
AT THE TIME  
JUST PAUL  
SECOND ---

I WARNED YOU, MALL  
FORMER, THAT IF I  
COULDN'T YOU DRINKING  
ONCE AND YOU'D BE  
THROUGH! NOW  
SIT DOWN, FEAR!

DON'T  
WASTE ME LARRY,  
ERECT! YOU CAN'T  
FIRE ME! A CIRCUS  
HAS GOTTA HAVE A  
TRAPEZE ARTIST AND  
YOU GOT NOBODY TO  
TAKE MY PLACE!

MEANWHILE,  
AT THE DOWNSIDE  
DANCE IN TOWN SQUARE ---

SEVENTH'S YOUNG DAUGHTER  
CAN SURE DO TRICKS  
ON THEM TRAPEZE  
BARS, HOPALONG!  
SURE AS GOOD AS  
ANYBODY I'VE EVER  
SEEN IN A CIRCUS!





# HOPALONG CASSIDY



# HOPALONG CASSIDY



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

WITH PERFECT TIMING, HOPALONG SNATCHES THE PLUMMETING ARIEL FROM CERTAIN DEATH---



I CAN NEVER THANK YOU ENOUGH, HOPALONG! YOU SAVED MY LIFE!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! I CHECKED THOSE TRAPLINE BARS MYSELF! AND THEY WERE IN PERFECT CONDITION THIS MORNING!



WELL, ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN!

WOULD YOU TRY AGAIN, ARIEL? I DECIDE YOU OUGHT TO GO BACK TO THE TENT AND REST. MEANWHILE I'LL FIX THE TRAPLINE BAR!

SINCE YOU SAY YOU CHECKED THE TRAPLINE BARS YOURSELF, TOO, THERE'S NO REASON WHY IT SHOULD'VE BEEN BROKEN! WOULD YOU MIND IF I TOOK A LOOK AT IT BEFORE YOU RE-PLACED IT?

COURSE NOT, MOPAW. GO AHEAD!



AFTER A FEW MOMENTS---

THE BAR DIDN'T CRACK BY ACCIDENT! THE BREAK WAS TOO EVEN! SOME-BOODY TAMPERED WITH IT BEFORE ARIEL WENT UP!



IF I'M RIGHT ARIEL'S LIFE COULD BE IN DANGER THIS VERY SECOND!



HOPALONG'S AGILITY WAS JUSTIFIED FOR AT THAT VERY SECOND---

BAR'S ASLEEP! GOOD! SHE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT KILLED HER!



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

BUT AS THE SMIRTERED TRAPPER ACTS  
STARTS TO PLUNGE THE KNIFE DOWNWARD...



TAD WAS RIGHT! HE SAID IT  
WOULD BE YOU!







# HOPALONG CASSIDY

JOHN STONE

**SAM TAKES HIMSELF FOR A RIDE!**

*Starring*

## Adventures of SAM SPADE

*by*

HERE'S WHY I CALLED YOU SAM: A SHERIFF FROM WILSON'S BEEN TRYING TO RUN ME OUT OF BUSINESS. I WANT YOU TO INVESTIGATE.

IT WAS TO HELP YOU, BLAINE. LET ME SEE ONE OF YOUR TRUCKS TONIGHT.

I'M GOING TO BE RIGHT AT HOME IN THIS SPOT. LOOK UP TAYLOR'S NAME TODAY.

WE'LL FOLLOW A FEW RULES BEFORE IN CASE HE NEEDS HELP, SPIDE.

NOT BY GOSH, A SHOT!

LETTER TWO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade" were finished writing so just changed it to "The Sam Spade" by John Stone.

**SEVEN HOURS LATER**

WENT OUT ON THAT CASE, SPIDE.

IT'S A HUP. WENT THROUGH A SET IN TWO TRUCKS. ONLY ONE LEFT THERE. NORTH TRUCKS BECAUSE WE WROTE IT!

WILL A LITTLE WILSON'S CREAM OIL HELP?

WILSON'S CREAM OIL

WILSON'S CREAM OIL

WILSON'S CREAM OIL

CAREFUL, SPIDE.

UNDER THIS PILE OF CASES, BLAINE, LET'S FIND OUT AND TALK TO IT.

HERE'S A JUNKY, BROWN BLADE FOR CUTTING THOSE GUTS. SAM OF YOUR FINE BOX.

A BOX OF WILSON'S CREAM OIL. MAKE SURE YOU TAKE THE OTHER SPIDE. I'M SORRY, BUT I'VE GOT TO GO.

**SAM SPADE**

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE FINGERMAIL TEST?

THE FINGERMAIL TEST: The finger nail is a natural oil seal. When the finger nail is cut, the oil seal is broken. This is the reason why the finger nail is so important.

WILSON'S CREAM OIL

WILSON'S CREAM OIL

WILSON'S CREAM OIL

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

CREATED BY  
WILLIAM BOYD

and the  
HOLLOW TRUNK

ONE DAY  
IN  
THE  
STORY BOOK

HEY,  
HOPALONG!  
WATCH  
OUT!!









AS SOON AS IT GETS DARK,  
I'LL PICK UP THE BUCK-  
RAKE AND WANDER  
OUTTA THIS RIVER!



AT THE SAME TIME —  
THAT'S THE TREE  
THEY NEED FIRST!



THAT'S NO SENSE IF SON-  
OF-A-BITCH AND TALKIN' TUN  
WOODIE JONES TELL I  
GIT IT RIGHED!



AT AN EARLY HOUR HE GOES TO WORK...

JUMP! JEROSHAPART! IT'S THE  
DIRTY MANGOUTS! I DON'T  
KNOW HOW HE FIGGERED IT  
OUT BUT HE MUST  
BE CATCHIN' HAW  
GAMES!



I GOTTA BEAT 'EM BEFORE  
IT'S TOO LATE!



AND I OPMIE I KNOW  
JUST HOW TIME DO THEY!



I'VE STRUNG UP BARRY A HAW FROM A  
TREE — BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME  
FROM A BED!



# HOPALONG CASSIDY





# HOPALONG CASSIDY



HOPALONG CASSIDY  
A BOWLING RECORD

AT YOUR FAVORITE RETAIL STORE



*Roy Rogers*

ONE OF THE CORNERS—  
STAR OF REPUBLIC PICTURES

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## SISSY GIFT

By Clement Good



**A**s he sat in the bouncing stagecoach riding through the wild country, Greg looked at the little package on his knee and thought of his farewell gift. He smiled to himself. Wasn't that just like a mother?

He remembered he had been rather startled when he opened the present from her. A brush and comb set with a mirror! His face must have registered something. Disappointment, maybe. He was glad he'd been looking down at the package on his mother couldn't see his expression. Anyway, she had lavished her gift with a little speech.

"Never forget this, son. An employer takes a lot of stock in a young man's appearance. He should always look his best. His hair should be combed and his shoes shined. That's the way to get ahead in the world. If I've heard my own father say it once, I've heard him say it a hundred times. And there's no denying he got ahead."

Poor mother! She must have very little idea about life on a ranch. Greg figured his new employer would pay a lot more attention to how he rode a horse than to whether the part in his hair was straight or not. But when Greg had looked up with questioning eyes, he had seen his father, standing behind his mother with his finger to his lips. His father understood. He was signaling Greg to accept the present with gratitude and say nothing against it. Greg got the idea.

And then, just as he was leaving, his father had taken the opportunity to slip Greg another present. This was something really useful. A neat little pearl-handled revolver. His father, who had taught Greg how to ride and how to shoot when the boy was still in knee breeches, knew what would come in handy in the untamed west. As the stage bounced along, Greg patted the gun in his coat pocket. With his last

pay from the ranch he meant to buy a reliable holster. Being armed made a young man of fifteen feel secure.

He had thought seriously of ditching the brush and comb set, and especially the mirror. What if the other hands found him with a mirror? They'd laugh him right off the ranch. But he'd had no opportunity and now he was glad. He'd hide it away, under his bunk or some place, and nobody need know about it. But if his mother ever came west for a visit, he'd still have it and that would make her happy.

Greg looked out of the little stage window. On his side, the many colored rocks rose straight up, almost like a wall. On the other side, the hill dropped away and he could see the tops of pine trees. The stage lurched and rattled and some of the older passengers looked a little worried, but to Greg it was all adventure.

It was late afternoon and the sun, shining on the colored rocks, gave them a dazzling beauty. Greg was watching them in fascination, likening them to precious gems, when a shot rang out. Then another shot. The big coach joggled to a halt and there were shouts and headlamps outside. A masked man jerked open the stage door and ordered all passengers out. Greg obeyed, still clutching his box.

**A** BAND of outlaws was holding drivers and passengers at gun point. One of them approached the passengers one by one, divesting them of wallets, jewelry and other valuables. When the man came to Greg, the left's hailers pounded like a bass drum. The man took his knife wider than reached into his pocket and got the pearl-handled revolver. "Oh ho!" he cried "this squirt's got a squart gun!" A couple of the other masked men laughed and Greg's face burned red. Pushing the revolver, the outlaw then opened Greg's box. "Oh, ho!" he yelled. "Look, the squirt's carry-

ing a mirror, said He must be a pretty boy!"

There were more guffaws as the man handed the box back to Greg, saying, "Hate, pretty boy, keep your mirror. If I was to look at it, I'd wash it!"

Greg took the box, automatically. Fright and rage mingled in him. He felt so angry, so helpless. It was a foreman to accept the tribute, yet there was nothing he could do about it. But was there nothing? The outlaw, having dismissed him, wasn't paying too much attention to the boy. One of them, standing near, was holding a bag of gold taken from the stage. From the corner of his eye, Greg saw a narrow opening in the rock wall.

**A**CTING on impulse more than reason, he rushed at the man, grabbed the bag of gold, and gave the fellow a push at the same time, tripping him. The fellow sprawled headlong against two of his brethren and Greg broke into a fast run, heading for the opening in the wall. He had a good start. His legs were young and fast. He heard shouts as he ran, but he knew that the rocks blocked him off, at least temporarily, from a good aim.

The opening was a sort of gulch, winding upward with a very slight incline. Then, Greg's heart leaped to his throat, as he saw he was at a dead end. The opening narrowed and the trail swooped upward, almost straight up. But he climbed and clambered up as best he could, higher and higher, until he reached a ledge. From here the wall rose as straight as the side of a barn and jut about as smooth. There was no chance to go higher.

Below he could hear the pounding footsteps of pursuers. In a minute they'd be upon him. There was nowhere for him to go. The foreman of the outlaws came from around a bend and spotted him. It was the man from whom he'd taken the gold. The masked bandit saw him, raised his gun, and drew a bead on the boy. But he was missing. The shot flaked the rocks just above Greg's head.

The man was slowing up. If he stopped and took full aim, there was no way he could miss. Perhaps the flash of his gun had given Greg inspiration. In any case he slipped upon the break and came down

he'd been carrying all this while. He gripped the mirror. Just as the outlaw was taking deadly aim at the lad, a flash of blinding light beamed into the masked man's eyes. He was momentarily blinded.

In another second, a bag of gold crashed against the side of his head, knocking him down, and out. His pistol fell from his fingers.

Greg leaped from his precarious perch and picked up the outlaw's gun. When the next men came running up the narrow path, the boy fired a warning bullet, knocking off his hat. The men raised his hands. This maneuver was repeated as the other outlaws followed their companions. Stage drivers and passengers were scanned a little later to see the head of masked outlaws emerge from the narrow gorge, hands held high, followed by a 12-year-old boy, with a gun in one hand and a mirror in the other.

The stage driver and guard quickly disarmed the outlaws and bound them hand and foot. Then they went up the gorge for the last of the bandit crew, who lay on the ground, stunned, next to a bag of gold.

Greg was praised to the skies by the other passengers who said they had never even seen such a plucky lad. They all wanted to know how he'd managed it and he explained that he had used his mirror to show the bright sunlight in the first bandit's eyes and blind him. Then he had chucked him in the head with the bag of gold.

"It sort of made me mad for them to call me a pretty boy," said Greg. "A man doesn't like to be thought a wimp."

The other passengers laughed and said he was the least suspicious person they'd ever seen.

**●** P. O. R. says, Greg got back the pearl-handled revolver his father had given him and it turned out there was a considerable reward for capturing the outlaws as he had money to buy a holster for it and some to spare.

But when the reporter for the weekly was interviewing him about his exploit, one of the things he told them was, "All that I am today, I owe to my mother."

THE END

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# Ridin' Herd

EDITED

## WILLIAM BOYD



HELLO, PARTNERS!

DO YOU EVER NOTICE HOW SOME HORSEBOYS ON A RANCH NEVER VOLUNTEER TO DO THE TOUGH, DIRTY JOBS LIKE CLEANING OUT THE STABLES AND CURRY-COMBING THE HORSES? THEY ALWAYS WAIT FOR THE OTHER GUY TO SPEAK UP FIRST! AFTER A SPELL, THE SUNDROUSE BOYS GET ON TO FELLOWS LIKE THAT AND THEY'RE APT TO FIND IT PRETTY LONESOME WITHOUT FRIENDS, SENIORS, A COMMAND WHO WANTS TO BE A FOREMAN NEVER ASKS A PAL TO DO ANYTHING HE WOULDN'T DO HIMSELF.

ANOTHER MARK THAT STAMPS A MAN FOR WHAT HE IS, IS WHEN THE FELLOWS HEAR HIM ADMIT HE WAS WRONG ABOUT SOMETHING AND HEAR HIM ACKNOWLEDGE HE CAN MAKE A MISTAKE. IT SHOWS THAT HE'S REALLY A MAN AND HAS THE BRAGGERS AND COURAGE INSIDE HIMSELF THAT MAKES HIM A REAL STRAIGHT-SHOOTER. I HEARD A RANCHER SAY HE COULD DRIVE HIS CATTLE TO THE BORDER BY SUNDOWN, BUT WHEN THE SUN SET, HE WASN'T NEAR HIS GOAL. THAT RANCHER DIDN'T MAKE UP ALL SORTS OF EXCUSES AND HEDGES TO GET OUT OF IT. HE SAID IT DIDN'T HURT TO ADMIT HE WAS WRONG---AND THAT'S AN IDEA OF A MAN!

*William Boyd*



WILLIAM "HOPALONG CASSIDY" BOYD'S LATEST FILMS ARE: "BUSTER JOURNEY," "FALSE PARADISE" AND "STRANGE GAMBLE."

# WHITEY WHISKERS and DANIEL BOONE JR.

HOW ABOUT  
STEAKIN' ME TO A  
MEAL, DINNER?

"THE FREE  
MEAL"

SURE, WHITEY  
WHISKERS! BUT ON  
ONE CONDITION—

THAT YOU HELP ME  
CARRY THOSE LOGS  
INSIDE THE CABIN?

WORK? SURE!  
I'M BEGINNING  
TO LOSE MY  
APPETITE  
ALREADY!

THAT'S MY  
PROPOSITION!  
TAKE IT OR  
LEAVE IT!

I'LL  
LEAVE  
IT!

THERE MUST BE SOME OTHER  
WAY TO GET SOME FOOD  
BEFORE WORKIN' FOR IT!  
WELL, HOPALONG CASSIDY,  
BOONE JR., AND ME  
CARRYIN' A BAGGAFUL  
OF VITTLES!

HOW 'BOUT CARRYIN'  
SOME OF THEY FARM  
GUNS WITH ME,  
DARNY BOY?

SORRY, BUT  
I CAN'T! RANCHER  
FARMWORTH IS  
DICK AND ALL THE  
PEOPLE IN TOWN  
CHIPPED IN TO  
BUY HIM SOME  
FOOD!

# HOPALONG CASSIDY









# ADELBERT THE EXECUTIVE "TRIES HARD"



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

and the Fatal Note

Story WILLIAM BOYD

To Bill Stone  
 Who I thought was my  
 Friend You dirty no-good Skunk  
 I trusted I trusted I trusted  
 Stolen and my

ORDINARILY, IT  
 TAKES MORE THAN A  
 LETTER TO BREAK  
 UP A FRIENDSHIP OF  
 TWENTY YEARS, BUT  
 WHEN BILL STONE  
 RECEIVES A LETTER  
 FROM HIS OLD PAL,  
 IT NOT ONLY BREAKS  
 UP A FRIENDSHIP,  
 BUT AS HOPALONG  
 CASSIDY DISCOVERS  
 IT TURNS OUT TO BE

**A FATAL  
 NOTE!**



IN RED CLONK'S GENERAL STORE  
 IN TWIN RIVER...

HOWDY NEED WHAT  
 ARE YOU LOOKING  
 SO WORRIED ABOUT?

CAN'T HELP IT,  
 BILL! SOMEBODY'S  
 BEEN STEALING  
 MONEY FROM THE  
 STORE, AND I CAN'T  
 FIGURE OUT WHO  
 IT COULD BE!



DID YOU NOTIFY  
 SHERIFF HOPKINS  
 CASSIDY?

NO, BUT I RECKON  
 I'LL HAVE TO NOW!  
 THE LOSS IS GETTING  
 MIGHTY SERIOUS!





# HOPALONG CASSIDY





# HOPALONG CASSIDY





# HOPALONG CASSIDY









# "Strike or spare... it's a snap!"

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